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The Commonweal

July 15, 1949

Free Air or Hot Air?

Edward J. Heffron

A Visit to the Grande Chartreuse

John Cogley

Cardinal Suhard

Claire Huchet Bishop

VOLUME L 15c NUMBER 14

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Next Week—

THE MRP TODAY, by Pierre Dournes, of the French Ministry of the Colonies, is a highly factual accounting of that party's status at the end of its first five years. In its early days, springing directly from the Resistance, it had tremendous successes at the polls. Since then it has experienced grave defections, but "appears now to be taking its true place on the French political scene." M. Dournes presents its unique organization, relations to the Church and the trade unions, and political principles, as well as its relationship to de Gaulle's RPF.

ON HEARING MR. BUDENZ, by John P. Sisk, takes off from a recent address at Spokane. "Listening to Mr. Budenz denounce Communism was for this member of the audience at least a depressing rather than daring experience. . . . The even moderately informed layman must have heard little he didn't already know. Compared with those of a Koestler or a Berdyaev, the insights into Communism afforded by Mr. Budenz were thin indeed. It can be said, however, that he pretended to be giving his audience nothing more than he gave it. . . ."

Also the Labor Movement by Francis Downing; the Screen by Philip T. Hartung; Catholic International News; Of Note; Books and Editorials.

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The
COMMONWEAL

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School, Year Round

FEW recent suggestions call for more reshuffling than that made at the Conference on the Professional Growth of Teachers at the University of New Hampshire, just before the Fourth. It would do nothing less than abolish summer-long vacations for the nation's 25,000,000 school children and 900,000 teachers. This major shift was presented as inevitable, and a good thing, too.

In the process many established ways would have to go by the boards. The long period of possible enrichment and refreshment, a prime attraction of the teaching profession at institutions where salaries are adequate, would have to go. And the opportunity to travel, visit, relax, to pursue private and professional studies in comparative tranquility. The big teachers' colleges summer sessions, where teachers may win advanced credits and degrees (and consequently tenure and higher pay in many school systems), would no longer be. While those who have investments and jobs at summer camps would have to make big readjustments.

How would the children themselves fare under year-round schooling? That is the decisive question. The new scheme would not keep them strictly at the three R's all summer—but bring into the curriculum all manner of arts and crafts, excursions and organized recreation. Advocates of the plan—many of them influential in the National Education Association — assert that a school-directed summer is much preferable to what happens now when "the children . . . are thrown out on the street, many with no place to go and nothing to do. . . ."

The impetus behind the campaign to reduce school vacations to not more than a month seems to derive from teacher organizations. The object is higher, year-round pay. But it also happens to tally with the rise in importance of our schools and the decline of the American family. The most significant thing about the public (and private) school is that it has come more and more to take the place of the home as the place where manners, attitudes and morals are inculcated. It is even supplanting the home as the focus for recreation. So that the extension of the school year is but a logical development of a dominant trend which is deplorable.

Why is it that school children have no place to go and nothing to do when they are released from school attendance? Recreational facilities (and creative chores) are lacking in many homes. Parents do not want to be confined to the premises; they are glad to be relieved of their responsibilities in this key problem. Various localities and civic and religious organizations have a lesser if real responsibility here. But what sort of education can the American home and school be providing when we reach the point that boys and girls can no longer be left to their own devices, cannot disport themselves freely according to their own initiative, no longer have a spontaneous, creative sense of play? Perhaps we are approaching the day when we shall dismiss such pictures as that of a boy with a long pole and a can of worms, traveling beside his dog, as outmoded sentimentalism.

Du Pont, Etc.—Big Wave, Little Undertow

IF THE Justice Department really presses the antitrust suits against the Du Ponts, General Motors, and U. S. Rubber, the affair will go on a long time indeed, before decisions are reached in the Courts and public mind. The Sherman and Clayton anti-trust laws are by no means simple, and Du Pont is a highly capable and responsible business outfit. We assume that they will have competent legal counsel. The defendant is certainly correct in pointing out that, basically, "these relationships have been a matter of public record and public information for many years."

Trust-busting doesn't fit the regular pattern of

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Fair Deal activity. The "Fair," following presumably the "New," Deal, is known for a certain state centralism, social security atmosphere. Federal health, housing, security, valley authority, education, labor governance, and over-all federal handling of economic problems appear in its more normal line: accepting a centralizing, "big" tendency, while trying to organize and fix a more even distribution of results. None of the more recent deals has favored small production and distribution, while they seem to have accepted and even welcomed the largest possible scale industrial and economic and administrative units. The older mistrust and dislike of "monopoly" and "big business" has been submerged, and if it continues to exist, it remains as an undertow, whose force no effective leaders, or even demagogues, have tested for a long while.

The president of Du Pont does not believe that "bigness in business as such" is disliked by the American people. Heaven knows, the big people and big industry and big government have tried to quiet that dislike for many decades—but still we don't know, and we hope he's wrong. There is the first question of whether or not business bigness can operate simply "as such," without indulging in practices which are too rough legally as well as sentimentally. The Government has launched a great variety of charges against the Du Pont interests, many of which are of the specific kinds which Mr. Clayton and Mr. Sherman deplored. Perhaps naively, we are inclined to suppose that Du Pont-General Motors-U. S. Rubber would avoid actions which the laws prohibit in definite and testable terms.

But there are many actions and states of business existence which lead to monopoly and unfair advantage which are difficult to define. How are you going to prove that the three great corporations "subsidized" each other, and what does that mean if the subsidization went all around the circle? A "closed market" is a subjective as well as an objective condition. How do you know when a Du Pont is reasonably advising and when he is illegally "inducing"? The Justice Department talks of the "potential market" which has been "restricted substantially by the nature and magnitude of the growth" of these three firms—which is undeniable, but tricky when the jury must follow actions and not prophecies.

This anti-trust suit in itself is not a very important or interesting action, and by itself it cannot be significantly effective. It is going against the tide, and it is out of line with dominant ideas of change and reform, "liberal" as well as "conservative." We will watch the suit, however, with extreme interest, hoping that the move to examine and check economic giantism will broaden out to a comprehensive criticism of modern industrialism, public as well as private. It is sure that Chairman Smith of U. S. Rubber takes an unpersuasive and child-like view when he affirms that "bigness in business is a reliable sign of service." The Justice Department and Du Pont are in fact working at the foundations of historical movement: at the economies of production and distribution; and at the vision and will of the people.

'Home Workshop' from Willow Run

FROM the most monstrous factory in the country comes a report of positive action to decentralize and distribute modern machine production. The United Press sent out a story from Kaiser-Fraser Corporation describing the radical intention of that concern to spread its assembly of automobiles around "several hundred" towns and cities, with each plant turning out from five to twenty cars per day. Kaiser-Fraser is a strange concern, with an over-developed sense of dramatic news values, but the plan sounds good.

The idea is to use enormous Willow Run as a parts-producing center, and to spot the assembly all over everywhere in plants that have only 200 workers at most. Pilot plants are being constructed on the Coast, in Portland, Oregon and Long Beach, California. In The Netherlands, one is already operating very successfully.

The reasons and motives for this new policy may be complex and of uneven quality, but the more different reasons there are, beautiful and calculating, the more likely will Kaiser-Fraser carry on what could be a tremendously educating experiment. The UP release, which is based on an interview with President Edgar Kaiser, notes a number of diverse motives: The business in Holland is going well. "Although the Dutch are far less mechanically minded than Americans, they turn out a better car than is made at Willow Run. 'They have pride in their work. And it's the same pride we want to develop in our small plants here.'"

Labor troubles of small over-all magnitude can ruin the whole operation at Detroit. The "home workshop" atmosphere of the small units can make labor happier and lead to greater expertness and craftsmanship, and the man on the job would no longer feel that he was "just another guy" on the assembly line. Then, "Every city that had a K-F plant in it would naturally become a Kaiser-Frazer town and help advertise the car."

K-F stock closed the first half year on the Curb, we notice, at 4⅝. That is still above water, which is a genuine accomplishment, but it is not terrific. It would be of very great interest if the company should decentralize in some fashion financially and administratively, also. Perhaps the local assembly units could be independent, licensed associates; or the assembly shops could run the central parts production and management on some kind of co-operative basis. It would be a new lesson if the

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ownership and control worked from the grass roots up into the central, large-scale project.

The Labor Bill

SENATOR TAFT'S victory in the matter of the Labor Bill makes the re-election of Mr. Truman all the more inexplicable. For repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act was the leading issue on which the President campaigned. As things now stand it will not be repealed (through House inaction) or, if Congress does effect the repeal, Mr. Truman will veto the bill as inadequate. Mr. Taft, by providing the President with power to issue an injunction or to seize plants in strikes held to constitute a national emergency in the bill the Senate has voted, has seen to that. Perhaps the mistake has been to ascribe Mr. Truman's election to any single factor—or even to the conjunction of the farm and labor votes. The South cannot be left out of it, even though four states went Dixiecrat in 1948, nor can the mistaken campaign tactics of Mr. Dewey.

The Administration put up a strong fight in the Taft-Hartley matter and was not far from winning, but its political weakness was manifested once again by the close squeak the Housing Bill had at the very end. On the basis of present representation the Fair Deal does not now appear dominant as a political force. It is planning to go all out to get more power in 1950.

In the North, it would seem, the Democrats have little chance of increasing their representation materially. To do so they would need to win districts which for years have been Republican. In the South the problem would seem to revolve about putting across more liberal candidates in the primaries—shaking up some rock-ribbed machines. It is a task allied to that which confronts the CIO when it comes to organizing Southern industry. And the South is not without its enlightened newspapers and other manifestations of willingness to consider new political ways. In all, the Fair Dealers confront a sizable task.

Inevitable as it seems, an election largely on class lines is not a welcome prospect. In the early Roosevelt days such agitation was virtually a necessity when workers often had no more human status than the figures on a balance sheet. There is less compulsion now. But with the nation conscious of a recession and millions involuntarily unemployed, a new crusade against Taft-Hartley might develop quite a punch. Coupled with the dormant but not abandoned Brannan farm scheme to supply cheap food and clothing and pay the growers the difference between market and parity prices, it might muster wide support.

Earlier American political campaigns developed a fury which is hard for us to imagine in our latter-day sophistication. Family or local tradition played a much larger role then than now (except in the South) in determining the voting. While personal insult and abuse of opposition candidates reached unbelievable proportions. Assuredly it is better to be voting on real issues. But it complicates matters when the issue is whether unions shall have the right to strike regardless, and whether bureaucracy shall be empowered to enable every American farmer to receive certain specified prices for all his produce, while the public gets it for much less. These are the issues which Mr. Taft's victory in Congress makes inevitable for 1950.

Britain's Ageing Population

SINCE the war most Americans have kept a fairly close eye on Western European socialism, especially Britain's. Over here, despite a certain tendency to look on socialism as a plague, there is an increasing and proper respect for the importance of these new social experiments being tried out, as they are, by men who themselves have a proper respect for the free man.

Given this bent for planning, it will be interesting to see what happens now to the size and vitality of Britain's population under socialism. A Royal Commission on Population has spent the last five years checking the situation and has just submitted its report.

It finds that the average age in Britain is going up, that for the past twenty years Britain has failed, by six per cent, to "replace" her population, that it is desirable to maintain a population of the present size, and that birth control, which is now reported as widespread, is also desirable.

The Commission is worried about the ageing of the population, since with fewer young people the country stands to lose in energy, initiative and self-defense. Failure to reproduce the population is also foreboding: where families are too small to replace themselves, the Commission warns that the "community concerned must undergo a slow process of weakening."

The Commission's worries would not seem unfounded. With guarded rhetoric it applies the phrase "slow process of weakening" to a non-replacing population; what it means is that there is historical evidence to show that this "weakening," as applied to a nation, can be a sign of atrophy and decline.

That birth control—however rationalized to produce what the planners think is just the right-sized family, however skillful or morally careful—is quite the desirable thing to stop this decline and to produce a virile, energetic and self-replacing population, is something more than a calculated risk. Population planning has its advantages but, like "voluntary parenthood," it is a theory which may look more attractive on paper than in practice, when declining population indexes continue to be stubborn facts.

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Free Air or Hot Air?

A recent FCC ruling affects editorializing and free speech on the radio

Edward J. Heffron

"THIS IS THE greatest single victory in behalf of freedom of expression in this nation since the Zenger case . . . over a century ago." So said the president of the National Association of Broadcasters in commenting on the June 1 report of the Federal Communications Commission entitled, "In the Matter of Editorializing by Broadcast Licensees."

The Board Chairman of one of the major networks, referring to the report as a "reversal of the Mayflower decision," hailed it as "a great forward step for broadcasting in this country."

David Lawrence, on the other hand, referred to the report as "thought control," and said, "Republican and Dixiecrat owners of stations had better learn promptly the new goose steps of conformity."

Whatever it is, then, this report seems to involve questions of considerable interest to the general public. What is it?

In 1939, the Mayflower Broadcasting Corporation asked the Federal Communications Commission for the frequency then enjoyed by Boston Station WAAB. It charged that WAAB had not been living up to the statutory condition on which continuance of all radio licenses depends—that is, service of the "public interest, convenience, or necessity"—inasmuch as it had been editorializing in favor of certain political candidates to the exclusion of their opponents.

The Communications Commission found the Mayflower Corporation unsuitable as licensee of a radio frequency but felt obliged, nevertheless, to take notice of its complaint against WAAB, particularly since the station's license was up for renewal (under the law, radio licenses may not be granted for periods longer than three years, and are then subject to renewal). The matter was under consideration until January 16, 1941, when the Commission issued a Decision and Order—known as the "Mayflower Decision"—in which it said:

> ". . . A truly free radio cannot be used to advocate the causes of the licensee. It cannot be used to support the candidacies of his friends. It cannot be devoted to the support of principles he happens to regard most favorably. In brief, the broadcaster cannot be an advocate.
>
> "Freedom of speech on the radio must be broad enough to provide full and equal opportunity for the presentation to the public of all sides of public issues. Indeed, as one licensed to operate in a public domain the licensee has assumed the obligation of presenting all sides of important public questions, fairly, objectively, and without bias. The public interest—not the private—is paramount. . . ."

Since WAAB had discontinued editorials in September 1938, and filed an affidavit which undertook not to resume them, the Commission renewed its license. Nevertheless, these two paragraphs of the Decision established an important precedent.

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THE QUESTION was: What did they mean? Did they mean that broadcasters must give access to the microphone to all views except their own; or did the second paragraph qualify the first and establish the principle that all views, insofar as possible, should be heard over the air, including the broadcasters' views?

It doesn't seem reasonable that the Commission could have meant the former; if it had, it is hard to see how the courts could have upheld it; but even if such meaning had been intended, and if it were sustainable on review, a test case was indicated, for—as far as I know, and I believe I am familiar with all the cases—neither the Communications Commission, nor its predecessor, the Radio Commission, has ever, in 22 years, withheld renewal of license on the basis of such a technical violation as this would then have constituted, when coupled with a showing of *bona fides*.

Why wasn't there a test case? The reason seems to be that the broadcasters weren't particularly interested in the responsibilities of editorializing. The vast majority of them were primarily businessmen. They were chiefly interested in selling time. Hence, little was said about the Mayflower Decision. What was said was largely favorable.

In 1946 the Commission issued a report which became famous (in the radio industry, infamous) as the Blue Book. It reminded broadcasters that there weren't enough channels in the air to per-

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mit everyone who wanted to do so to broadcast wherever he wanted, at whatever power he wanted, in whatever directions he wanted. (Actually the air over the whole country accommodates less than 3,000 of our 140,000,000 people, far more than half of these have the only available channels in their respective communities, and less than 30 enjoy choicest facilities.) It reminded them that, since this was so, Congress had declared radio channels to be public property, in which no one could acquire a property interest; that radio could be used only on license, and that licenses were to be granted not for private benefit but for benefit of the public; that the Commission, before granting new licenses or renewing old ones, was to scrutinize promises or performances to see if they were "in the public interest, convenience, or necessity," and to grant or withhold accordingly.

The Blue Book then went on to suggest that the Commission might have difficulty in finding that a station which sold nearly all of its time for "commercials," which didn't have a balanced schedule of religion, education, news, good music, etc., was operating in the public interest.

This was a threat to the till. So the broadcasters launched a violent campaign against the Blue Book, against the Commission, against the "public interest, convenience, or necessity" requirements of the Communications Act. The plea? Free speech. For a federal agency to tell a broadcaster how he must broadcast, even in the most general terms, was to interfere with his freedom of speech. As the president of the National Association of Broadcasters declared before a Senatorial Committee, free speech would be violated even if the Commission told an eccentric broadcaster that he couldn't get a renewal if he insisted on playing a record of "The Old Gray Mare" over and over again, hour after hour, day after day, year after year.

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IT WAS in connection with this anti-Blue Book crusade that the Mayflower case was resuscitated. For the Commission to tell a broadcaster he could not air his own views on controversial subjects was clearly to limit his freedom of speech. Even to tell him that he could not be unfair and discriminatory in airing controversial views, the broadcaster now said, was to infringe upon his guarantees under the First Amendment.

Thus the attack upon the Mayflower Decision was simply a part of the larger campaign "to make radio as free as the press"—entirely overlooking the fact that the number of possible newspapers in any given community, and in the country as a whole, is unlimited, and that the press is therefore not a licensed industry. (An editor can be as one-sided as he wants, because the other sides always have their remedy; i.e., they can start their own papers, just as big and just as widely circulated—depending, of course, on their means and abilities and on the popularity of their views, but *not* depending on governmental restraints imposed by way of preferential and exclusive licenses).

For purposes of their attack on the Mayflower Decision, and of their radio-as-free-as-the-press campaign, it behooved the broadcasters to interpret the Decision most rigorously. They thus centered their fire on the first of the two paragraphs in the Decision, ignoring the second.

They finally whipped up such a furore over the case that the Commission scheduled hearings in March and April of last year. The industry (save for a maverick or two, like Ed Craney) lined up solidly against *both* of the two possible interpretations of the Mayflower Decision. One of their spokesmen expressly insisted that, under the First Amendment, broadcasters must have the right to be unfair in their editorializing. This view was implicit in the testimony of nearly all their spokesmen.

This is the background of the Commission's report of June 1, 1949. What the report holds, in substance, is that the original Mayflower rule, as set out in the two paragraphs quoted heretofore, is to stand—only it makes clear that the second paragraph is to be underscored as qualifying the first. What it says, is that the program budget of any station

> "may include the identified expression of the licensee's personal viewpoint as part of the more general presentation of views or comments on . . . various issues, but the opportunity of licensees to present such views as they may have on matters of controversy may not be utilized to achieve a partisan or one-sided presentation of issues. Licensee editorialization is but one aspect of freedom of expression by means of radio. Only insofar as it is exercised in conformity with the paramount right of the public to hear a reasonably balanced presentation of all responsible viewpoints on particular issues can such editorialization be considered to be consistent with the licensee's duty to operate in the public interest."

While this report as a whole is a prime example of federal prose in its most tortured state, it is sound. Remembering that, in more than half the towns enjoying radio facilities, all facilities are under one ownership, the practical reasons why the only broadcaster in town should not be allowed to monopolize the air with editorials in behalf of the NAM or the CIO or the Democratic Party, are obvious enough.

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THE constitutional question is clear, too, on a moment's reflection. The First Amendment guarantees free speech. It guarantees it to all

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citizens—to 140,000,000, not a mere 3,000. Some limitations on this freedom are inescapable—thus Justice Holmes said that one is not free to shout Fire in a crowded theater.

There is not room in the radio spectrum for a radio station for every citizen who would like to broadcast; and of the relatively small number which can be accommodated, there must be discriminatory differentials as to power, broadcasting hours, direction (around-the-compass or directional antennae), and clear channels (less than thirty of these). So even-handed freedom to broadcast is limited of necessity. If it is no violation of the Constitution to deny applicant X altogether or to limit applicant Y to 250 watts, it is no violation to grant a 50,000 watt license to applicant Z *on condition* that he serve not merely his own interest, but the public interest.

Broadcasters, in attacking the relative deprivation suffered by Z as a result of this *condition*, are opening the way for X to assert his absolute deprivation and thus to attack the whole licensing system. In the NBC case, the Supreme Court of the United States, considering NBC's contention that certain Commission regulations abridged its right of free speech, said: "If that be so, it would follow that every person whose application for a license to operate a station is denied by the Commission is thereby denied his constitutional right of free speech." If the industry's case against the Mayflower Decision and its claims for a radio as free as the press are ever recognized, therefore, it will be at the cost of validating the claims of all the rejected applicants who desire to cut in on what broadcasters now enjoy as exclusive or quasi-exclusive franchises.

Their present preferential licenses are worth more to broadcasters than all their physical equipment and good will put together and multiplied a hundred times. One wonders, therefore, why they should expose themselves to attack on this very vulnerable point. But I suppose it is not the first time that businessmen have become so blinded by their short-term interests as to be unable to see where their legitimate long-term interests lie.

One can still wonder, however, why some broadcasters are hailing the June 1 report as a great victory in behalf of their conception of freedom of broadcast expression—meaning, of course, "radio as free as the press." If one remembers the vigorous fight they put up to torpedo the whole of the Mayflower Decision—the more lenient interpretation as well as the more rigorous—one may be tempted to suspect that, winking one eye, they are really saying, "What a good boy am I."

Mr. Goodwin Goes to the Grande Chartreuse

American tourists pay a visit to a famous Alpine monastery

John Cogley

I MIGHT never have met the Goodwins if the driver of the bus I was assigned to didn't look like Charles Boyer. At least Mrs. Goodwin thought he looked like Charles Boyer. Neither her husband nor I, it turned out, could see it, but Mrs. Goodwin was so struck with the resemblance that she asked that they be transferred from their proper bus to the Boyer-driven one. The man at the travel agency was quite agreeable.

"Can't we please ride in his bus?" Mrs. Goodwin said, pointing to our driver. "Ever since I came to France I've been looking for another Charles Boyer, and here he is. I've found him."

"Why, yes, certainly that can be arranged, Madame," the surprised man at the desk said. Later he was amused. "So you think Albert looks like Charles Boyer?" he asked her while he changed some writing on the Goodwins' ticket.

"Oh yes, very much so. Don't you see it?"

The ticket-man was a smiling diplomat. "Perhaps, perhaps," he said. "I never thought of it before. A woman would notice it sooner, of course."

"What do you think, George?" Mrs. Goodwin asked her husband.

"Oh for Pete's sake," George answered, "I don't know, Clara. I don't care either. This is all ridiculous."

"Well, you needn't be huffy, George," his wife told him. "We *are* on a vacation. No harm in a little light-heartendness, is there?"

George seemed a little weary with the whole business. I think he was embarrassed before the

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travel-bureau man. "All right," he said, "I won't spoil your fun. Yes, he does look like Charles Boyer. Whatever you say, Clara."

"Now you're not being sincere," Clara told him. "Tell me the real truth, George."

"No, he doesn't look like him. Not at all. I can't see the slightest resemblance. There. I'm sincere. Now, for God's sake, let's get off the subject." I'm sure that the agency man and I, who were both listening, were making Mr. Goodwin uncomfortable.

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MRS. GOODWIN didn't give up easily. Suddenly she turned to me. "I heard you talking English, didn't I?" she asked. I told her I was an American, too. "Well what do *you* think?" she asked me. "Does he or doesn't he? Be frank now."

I was taken off-guard to find myself involved in the discussion. I looked toward the bus-driver, who was standing at the door studying his watch innocently. He didn't speak English, I learned later, and didn't have any idea he was the subject of our conversation. After what I thought was a proper interval, I found an answer, taking my cue from the ticket-man.

"Yes, you might say he does," I told Mrs. Goodwin. And then, catching her husband's eyes, "but another person might not see it at all. Depends on a lot of things, I suppose."

Mr. Goodwin caught on, I'm sure, because he gave me a tolerant man-to-man look. "Well, anyway, let's get going," he said. Clara picked up her purse and the three of us found seats in Charles Boyer's bus parked in front of the bureau.

★

WE WERE in downtown Grenoble. It was a Saturday afternoon in June, and we were going to visit the Grande Chartreuse high in the Alps. There were three buses in our caravan. Tourists from all over Europe made up the party. We could hear four or five languages being spoken. As far as I could distinguish, the Goodwins and I were the only ones speaking English.

The Goodwins accepted me as a travelling-companion immediately. Language and common citizenship brought us together. Mr. Goodwin said something about how we Americans ought to stick together, seeing as the others on the tour were all "foreigners," and directed me to the seat on the aisle across from them. "Sit there," he told me, with the kindly, expansive air of a host saying, "Friend, move up higher."

For a week or more, on the Riviera and elsewhere, I had been studying American tourists. I had been struck with the fact that so many of them looked like Bess and Harry Truman, and, sure enough, I noticed the Goodwins fitted the general description, too. Not exactly feature for feature, you understand. Maybe only an intangible, spiritual quality, but there was, it seemed to me, something undeniably presidential about the couple.

This looking for resemblances is dangerous business. It does things to the eyes, I think. Mrs. Goodwin, who was so anxious to find a Charles Boyer in France, found him in our bus-driver, to me and her husband an unlikely candidate. My own facility for finding Trumans everywhere goes back to an item in *The New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" which appeared soon after the President first assumed office. The *New Yorker* writer had a thesis: Henry Wallace, he said, is *for* the Common Man, but Harry S. Truman *is* the Common Man. He professed to find Trumans everywhere: operating elevators in the *Time-Life* building, making sandwiches at Walgreen's, reading the *Daily News* on the IRT, etc., etc. Ever since I read that piece, I've been looking for Trumans, too.

Of course, it's some kind of optical illusion. But I don't think you'll be too far off if you think of my friends, the Goodwins, as dead-ringers for the Chief Executive and his lady.

"Do you like Europe?" Mrs. Goodwin asked me pleasantly. I told her I was enjoying my stay.

"George thought we ought to see America first," Mrs. Goodwin said, "but I said no, we can always see America, but you have to catch Europe between wars. So I said let's go now, George. And now he's glad he came, aren't you, George?"

George ignored her question. "My name's Goodwin," he told me, offering his hand. I gave him my name, but I had the distinct feeling that he wasn't listening. "What you in?" he asked me.

At first I didn't understand. "Me?" I answered weakly, "Me? Why, I'm . . ."

"Now, George, don't be inquisitive," his wife told him.

"Just asked the man what his line is," George said. "No harm in that. I'm insurance," he told me.

"Oh, that," I said, wondering how I was going to tell him what I was in. "I work for a magazine," I said finally.

"A writer!" Mr. Goodwin said. He said it in a tone that might have been reserved for bird-watchers or witch-doctors. Then, surprisingly, "You with the *Reader's Digest?*" I had to tell him I wasn't. He couldn't seem to think of any other magazines off-hand and let the matter drop.

★

CHARLES BOYER was ready to start, but before he got in the drivers seat he gave a little speech in French.

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"Know what he said?" Mr. Goodwin asked me later.

I told him the driver said that the Grande Chartreuse was a very old monastery, that the monks there were famous for their solitude and the austerity of their lives, that they made a world-renowned liqueur, and that we would take a scenic route through the mountains with several stops on the way back where the view was especially beautiful.

"Monks!" Mr. Goodwin said, using the same tone he used on writers. "Laziest bunch of people in the world. Lot of nonsense if you ask me. I wouldn't go across the street to see the best of 'em. Nothing against the Catholic Church, you understand. Lot of smart cookies in the Church. No better men in the world to do business with. But monks, no. Can't understand why the Catholic Church tolerates 'em."

I didn't answer anything right away, but my silence must have asked Mr. Goodwin what he was doing on the bus.

"I'm going to please the Missus here. She read some damn-fool book couple of months ago —what's the name of that book, Clara?" he asked her.

"The Story of the Seven Mountains," she said. "Maybe you've heard about it?"

I told her I had. "It would be a good book for you to read," I told Mr. Goodwin.

"Rarely read," Mr. Goodwin said. "Too busy. The Missus is the literary one in this family. Wouldn't waste a minute reading about monks even if I had time for books. Laziest bunch on this earth. No up-and-at-'em."

"Don't mind George," Mrs. Goodwin told me, "he's a radical."

"I'm not a radical," he said. "I'm for religion much as the next man, but a religion that's up-and-at-'em. What good does it do to lock yourself up in a monastery and sit on your behind? Don't do the world no good; don't do you no good."

"They do a lot of kneeling, too," I said. "And they work in the fields a good part of the day, most of them."

"Don't do nobody else any good," he said.

"You might be able to pray better that way," I said.

"Prayer! (There was that tone again.) My prayer is service. Son," he told me, "up-and-at-'em built the churches in America, don't you forget that for a minute. That's one of the big troubles over here. Take Italy—too damn much monk stuff. Not enough up-and-at-'em."

"They've built some pretty good churches in Italy, too," I said.

"Too damn many churches."

"See," Mrs. Goodwin said, "I told you he was a radical."

"Radical, my foot!" Mr. Goodwin said. "Nothing radical about that. I'm just making good old American horse-sense. Trouble with Europe. Not enough horse-sense." Then: "Not anti-Catholic, you understand. Admire the Catholic Church. Always say no better people in the world to do business with. Right in there pitching, too. No damn red nonsense among 'em. Don't see no sense in monks, that's all."

"Well, nobody cares, George," Mrs. Goodwin said, embarrassed. "You don't have to tell everybody on the bus."

"They can't understand anyway," George answered. "All foreigners. Listen to that gibberish. Everybody on the bus is a foreigner. You and your damn-fool books! What's the name of that book again?"

"I told you, *The Story of the Seven Mountains,*" she said. "It's about a young man who became a monk." She turned to me. "It was very interesting. When I heard about this trip, I insisted we come. I've never seen a real monk. George hasn't either if he'd admit the truth."

★

WE WERE out of the city and speeding along the highway now. The bus was making too much noise for more conversation. Each of us was left with his own thoughts. Whenever I caught Mrs. Goodwin's eye, she smiled sweetly and seemed to be asking me to be tolerant with George, really a good fellow at heart.

The bus climbed up and down the narrow Alpine roads, spinning a trail like string wound around a top. Every now and then we were able to look down on breathtaking valley views. Several times I noticed Mrs. Goodwin nudging her husband and pointing out at the view from the window on her side. He would nod then, disinterestedly, as if the grudging approval he gave was the only way to keep her contented.

Once he leaned over to me and shouted, "Can't hold a candle to Colorado. Ever been there?" I shook my head no. "You should have seen America first," he told me.

Then we were stalled momentarily at a hairpin turn to let another bus pass. Mr. Goodwin took advantage of the audibility. "Do you notice," he asked me, "that we haven't passed any signs or billboards? Lots of traffic on these roads. Business men here missing a big chance to get their message before the public. That's the trouble with these Europeans, I always say —no up-and-at-'em."

We drove on, higher and higher into the mountains, storey after storey, until finally we reached the monastic property. Then Boyer found a parking place and we all piled out. There was still an uphill climb to the monastery proper, but this was as far as the bus was allowed to go.

"Here's where we're expected to kick in," Mr. Goodwin said knowingly as we stepped off the

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bus. "Well, they won't get anything from me. Man wants to eat, man ought to work. That's in the Bible."

"They do work," I told him. I tried to explain Saint Benedict's "laborare est orare" ideal as we huffed and puffed up the hill.

★

AT THE TOP of the hill the walled-in monastic buildings seemed forbidding and unfriendly. There was silence from all sides and no one but the whispering tourists in sight. We found quickly that there was nothing to see. We were like people who search out a monument and then find the inscription illegible. Everyone was disappointed. The twenty-minute stop allotted hung heavy on the group. Even the public chapel was locked. There was a knot-hole in one of the wooden gates, and we took turns peeking through it, with no reward but a glimpse of a monkless cloister courtyard.

Mr. Goodwin found a sign on the gate, written in French.

"Can you read that?" he asked me.

I told him what it said. *"The monks here have devoted their lives to solitude and prayer for you. Please respect their silence and do not disturb their solitude. Do not ring the bell except on the most urgent business."*

"Damn poor public relations," Mr. Goodwin said bitterly. "Well," he asked his wife, "what do you think of your monks now?"

"I'm disappointed," Mrs. Goodwin said. "Frankly, I'm terribly disappointed. The book was so interesting, and I was so sure I'd see one. I'm sorry I brought you all the way out here, George."

George was studying the scenery. "What did you say was the name of that book?"

"The Story of the Seven Mountains. I've told you a dozen times, dear."

"Must be seven of these places left. That's seven too many if you ask me. Laziest bunch. Here's an example. Crowd of people here, but no souvenirs for sale, no liquor store for their product, nothing. No up-and-at-'em. Now do you see what I was talking about?" he asked me triumphantly.

"Oh, let's go back to the bus," Mrs. Goodwin said. "This place gives me the creeps."

"I could have told you that before we came," her husband said.

"Now, George, this time, *really* look at that driver," Mrs. Goodwin told him. "I'm sure you'll see the resemblance. It's around the mouth and, of course, those same bedroom eyes. . . ."

Cardinal Suhard

In expressing their loss at the Cardinal's death, French workers indicate what he meant to Christians everywhere

Claire Huchet Bishop

"THE CARDINAL, our father, is dead." So read in heavy type the headline of the French newspaper which had just reached me.

I never met Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard, Archbishop of Paris. Quite significant is the very fact that, though I was engaged in first-hand reporting of the movement of Christian renewal in France, to which his name is so closely linked, I did not actually see the Cardinal. I knew that by spending every bit of my short time in France visiting the workers, the Christian communities of lay people, the sacerdotal teams, the residents, the Mission of France and the Mission of Paris, I was as close to the Cardinal as I could possibly be.

It was not only that I was discovering, in a rather sketchy way, what he had done, what he was bringing about, what he had fostered, but it was that the Cardinal confronted me everywhere through the free expression of what people felt about him. People in and outside the Church, people who went to Mass, people who had stopped going long ago, people who had turned communists. And also the Protestants. Esteem, respect, admiration.

But among the workers, among the poor, there was love. And that was the most extraordinary thing. The servile liking for pompous display has long departed from the heart of the working people of France. If anything, the traditional show is a handicap to a Cardinal in his relationship to the people. A humble, poor priest has a chance to bridge the gap. But not a Cardinal. And yet, for many, "the" Cardinal did it and he did it well. It was not condescension, it was not paternalism, it was not an ability to play up to the workers, to be popular, through words or comportment. Least of all was his interest in the people a bait in order to get them back into the

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Church. It was not fear but the fulness of his Christian commitment which prompted his thoughts, his words and his acts.

And the poor knew it. During that cold winter of 1946, when we would be huddled at night in some of those drab, cold kitchens to eat our meager fare after we had offered Mass with the priest worker, many stories were told. Friends and neighbors dropped in, Catholics and non-Catholics. And the "toughs" would suddenly say something akin to: "Suhard, he is O.K." And others would inquire what he had said lately. He was not going to take away the privilege of celebrating in the evening, was he? And how was he feeling? Getting old. A pity. Needed for twenty-five years more at least.

The tone of their voices, the choice of their words, conveyed friendly, intimate, warm, sincere feeling. Had not some of them gone to see him? Church-goers, militants, anti-clericals and communists. When the priest had told them they could go and see the Cardinal, that he would be glad of their visit, they had been incredulous. *They* knew what to expect: probably a secretary, at best the Cardinal giving his hand to kiss, with his blessing and a bit of pious talk. Phew! The priest had insisted: "You go. You don't have to kiss his ring if it is against your convictions. You don't have to genuflect if it embarrasses you. You just go and talk to him."

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THEY had gone. At the door they had a discussion: "I'm just as good as he is. I'm not going to take off my beret." "But we take it off when we meet somebody else. Why not him?" "No, we don't always. And this is the time to keep it on." "You're nuts. He might think we have no manners. Might just as well show him we can be poor and still know what's what."

And so on. Inside, the secretary went to see if the Cardinal was free. "'Course, he is not going to be free." But here he was already coming slowly, but deliberately, to meet them. And he was shaking hands with them, man to man. They got all mixed up in their greetings: Eminence, Excellence, Votre Grandeur, Monseigneur, Citoyen, Camarade. It was not long before they had sized him up with that sure instinct manual workers, singly or in small groups, have in common with children. They talked freely. They told him right out what they thought of Christianity, the Church, himself and the hierarchy in general. It was very blunt, and sometimes rude. The Cardinal did not preach, he did not give stereotyped unctuous clerical answers. He examined the problems with them. And like so many workers who came to see the Cardinal with defiance, resentment, distrust, it was with a broader vision of the fight for justice, so dear to their heart, that they left him, and the hand that they would not kiss they held in an interminable hand-shake.

"The Cardinal, he knows what it is all about."

So it did not surprise me when I read the following account from Abbé Depierre in *Témoignage Chrétien*: "This afternoon when I came home I found an old worker and his wife sitting on the bench in the kitchen: sixty years of work, twenty children, thirty-three years in the same dilapidated, dark furnished flat. They kept borrowing from each other their unique pair of glasses in order to read, or rather spell, the newspaper article. And they were weeping. They, who have not gone to Church since their first Communion, stopped everyone who came into the kitchen, saying: "You know, Father Suhard is dead."

This is not only the sorrow of the French Catholics, it is the sorrow of all Catholics the world over—lay people, especially, to whom he entrusted so much responsibility. The sorrow of all Christians and of non-believers too, of all he gathered into the light and warmth of his Catholic mind and heart. He was a sign of unity. And what made him so was the fulness and perfection of his obedience to the Church, obedience made, not of servility, but of plentitude of faith.

But of all the tributes that can be paid to the intelligence, dynamism and imagination of Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard, it seems to me the greatest is the one expressed in the words of the poor French workers: "*Vous savez,* take it all in, measure it, realize what it means to us, *le Père Suhard est mort,* Father Suhard is dead."

The Stage & Screen

Summer Biz

ANY SURVEY of what *Time* magazine so coyly terms the "Citronella Circuit," must stress the fact that the present summer season has been won by the actors. I think there is no question that this is a victory, and one can only hope it will not result in a Pyrrhic one. After years of granting concessions and receiving concussions in the enormous barnyard rigmarole along our coastline, Equity (the actors' union) has finally gained control in 130 of these summer theatres.

This means that 70 per cent of each cast in these theatres must receive a minimum wage of $50 a week. It also means that a sad number of anxious children will no longer be pursuaded to spend all of the dog days laboring for no other reward than that of membership in the union. From now on all neophytes must serve two summer seasons before such membership is granted them, and it is to be hoped that this ruling will drain off some of

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the frivolous and the deluded, and that the serious and determined will thereby see that they do not work for such a period of time for nothing. I am earnestly interested in these kids and I think the present union deal is schemed to protect them, but I am even more interested in the fifty-dollar people because they are the *current* actors and this is their chance.

Now that they have got hold of the summer stage, what are they going to do with it? Will they sponsor and foster new playwrights, new ideas, inventions? Will they support and insist upon intelligent and adventurous management? It's discouraging to have to admit that the announced programs indicate no affirmative answers. From Maine to the Carolinas what you will be seeing this summer is plainly a sequence of revivals, based upon the most rigid adherence to the old "star" system. From Maine to the Carolinas you will be able to see "The Heiress" with Basil Rathbone, for instance, possibly one hundred times. (And then, I suppose, you can be expected to go round the corner and pay for its forthcoming movie.) You will be able to see Estelle Winwood in "The Importance of Being Earnest," Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green," Leo G. Carroll in "Angel Street." Most repetitious of all, you will again be able to watch Tallulah in "Private Lives." Miss Bankhead's price for a summer week is $5,000 and I honestly don't think anyone should quarrel with it. She is worth it. But I think everyone will agree that she is only worth it when she supports a play from which her profession as well as her own reputation can grow. Among the hundreds of plays scheduled in the hundred-odd summer playhouses, I have been able to discover less than ten tryouts. And it is, please understand, not a manager's season.

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FOR INTERESTED New Yorkers, the view is not so dismal. We have got the "Lemonade Opera" down on 13th Street, and both the Provincetown and the Cherry Lane managements are dedicated to experimental work which is to benefit the writers as well as their interpreters. Best of all, the town is within reach of the only two summer efforts of any significance at all.

If you shoot across the George Washington Bridge, and take Route 9W, you ought, within a reasonable time, to arrive at the Nyack High School where Helen Hayes is beginning to build a community theatre. Miss Hayes is opening her season with the Williams "Glass Menagerie," proceeding to Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," and then presenting two new musical pieces by Kurt Weill and Julian Freedman, respectively. She will also be touring a good number of the other houses with a new play by William McCleery. It is unnecessary to add that it will be the determination and pleasure of this column to try to keep up with her, wherever she goes.

On the other hand (and the other side of the Hudson), a green drive out the Merritt Parkway should land you with no trouble at all at the Westport Country Playhouse where the Theatre Guild is to be producing four tryouts among a number of revivals. All of these new plays sound interesting and it's excellent to think that this stolid organization may again be resorting to some degree of laboratory work. It will be equally excellent to be able (as I shall be) to review it.

Aside from these two concerns however, I must concede that I can see small chance for any audience to be bitten on the "Citronella Circuit" this year. I have no idea how long it will take for the actors to realize that it's sometimes wiser to be bitten than bored.

KAPPO PHELAN.

Growing Pains

THAT THE movies have shown signs of coming-of-age has been evidenced many times; but when movies really do come-of-age we won't have to register such surprise over the signs, and instead, we can accept good, intelligent, adult-minded pictures as the norm. Earlier this year there were many huzzahs over "Home of the Brave," a well-made film that bravely treated one phase of the Negro problem with understanding. Now we reach another milestone with Louis de Rochemont's fine production of *"Lost Boundaries,"* which thoughtfully considers another angle of the problem: Negroes who pass as whites. While both of these films handle the subject of prejudice well, they are mainly concerned with the Negroes who are their central characters.

"Lost Boundaries," which is based on W. L. White's account of a New Hampshire family, is divided into two parts, the first dealing with a young Negro couple who pass as whites when the husband, who is a doctor, accepts a practice in Keenham, N. H. The preceding scenes make very clear the difficulty that a Negro doctor has in getting a position; and they also make clear that many Negroes of light complexion pass. The ethics of this situation are not gone into, but it is shown that these "white Negroes," as a rule, do not mingle with the blacks.

Our young doctor and his wife make a good impression in Keenham, but like most New England communities its people are slow in accepting strangers. By the time the movie swings into its second half, which takes place twenty years later, the two are definitely liked and considered good neighbors. But World War II opens new problems for them: their teen-age son and daughter learn that their parents are Negro when the Navy rejects the doctor. Director Alfred L. Werker has handled the emotional scenes that follow extremely well; and Mel Ferrer, as the father, and Richard Hylton, as the son who runs away to Harlem to look for the answer to all the questions thrust on him so suddenly, turn in excellent performances.

Because "Lost Boundaries" packs such an emotional wallop in its closing scenes, which show the family bravely sticking together and facing their hometown friends and neighbors, it is doubly effective in putting over its message that "One man is in the image of all men." We don't know how this family will work out eventually in Keenham, but by the picture's finale we see that the community has again accepted them. And it is to be hoped that a strong, dramatic movie like this will be widely

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seen. Without being obvious or preachy, and without trying to tackle all the problems connected with Negroes in the United States, it is a tremendous step forward in the fight against prejudice.

A minor, although effective, effort in this same fight is the short movie made by the Protestant Film Commission called *"Prejudice."* In its one-hour running time, it shows how a man (David Bruce) who always considered himself a conscientious, tolerant Christian is really anti-Semitic when the showdown comes. While this picture doesn't have the polish of many a more expensive, slicker job, it does succeed in putting over its point that prejudice springs from fear and insecurity and that one should examine his past to look for the meanings and beginnings of suspicions and hatreds. Cinematically this movie is rather static, but its ideas deserve all the attention they can get in the argument against intolerance.

The new fictional movies seem a little flimsy in comparison. *"The Great Sinner,"* with a cast that reads like a roster of leading stars: Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Melvyn Douglas, Walter Huston, Ethel Barrymore, etc., etc., adds up to a tremendous bore in spite of all its glitter. It stems vaguely from Dostoevsky's "The Gambler," and goes on and on with a story about a writer who becomes a victim of the gambling vice at one of those famous watering places during the 1860s. He hopes at first to lead the woman he loves away from the game tables; then he starts winning and he can't be dragged away from the casino—not even after he has lost his shirt and stopped shaving. (He may have hocked his razor with the other things.) The surprising thing about this elaborate movie is that it was directed by Robert Siodmak who has made some good thrillers and knows how to get movement into a film. Perhaps the pretentious screenplay written by Ladislas Fodor and Christopher Isherwood was too much for Mr. Siodmak. It is certainly too much for us.

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Another movie, an English import, stems from a Russian story; and while it, too, seems somewhat pretentious, it at least succeeds in being exciting cinema. *"The Queen of Spades,"* based on Pushkin's tale, also has to do with gambling, and tells about a captain in the Engineers who learns through a book on magic that a certain countess once sold her soul to learn the secret of winning at Faro. The captain uses the elderly countess' pretty ward to get to the old dame. Director Thorold Dickinson builds up his characterizations very slowly at first, but once this weird story swings into action, it gets going in a big way. Anton Walbrook is excellent as the captain; although at times his Russian accent seemed just a little like Danny Kaye's in his take-off on "Dinah." As the mean old countess, Dame Edith Evans gives a performance that is solid in the old school manner. She succeeded in making me jump several times —especially after she was supposed to be dead. This isn't the kind of a movie that you have to hurry over to, but if you like a lush costume piece, this could fill the bill.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Negro Novitiates

THE *Interracial Review* (20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.) currently publishes an extensive list of US Seminaries and Novitiates for Brothers and Sisters which now admit Negro applicants. According to the article by Raymond Bernard, S.J.:

> Of the seminaries and religious houses in North America, more than 60 novitiates and major and minor seminaries are open to qualified Negro applicants. For Negroes who wish to become religious brothers, there are more than 21 different novitiates where they are welcome to train in a variety of work. Fourteen distinct institutes are listed here. Finally, Negro girls are welcome in at least 22 religious communities, among them five strictly-cloistered groups. Several of them specialize in social service and a few teach and engage in foreign mission work.

The London Oratorians

COMMENTING on the centenary of the Fathers of the London Oratory, Msgr. Ronald Knox said in part, according to the *Tablet* (128 Sloane St., London, S.W.1, England):

> The Church does well to try new experiments, not a doubt of it. It is well that she should feel young, young as she felt on the day of Pentecost; it is well that she should come out into the open, and arrest the attention of a world which sets store by publicity. By all means let her spokesmen shout for a hearing in Hyde Park, her guildsmen seek to leaven the Trade Union movement, her cross-bearers make pilgrimage to Walsingham. But always her secret, the spell which she exercises over men's hearts, is her splendid aloofness. They see priests visiting their own sick, rallying their own poor in front of the tabernacle, shriving their own penitents, fortifying men and women after their own rite, under their own laws, for the adventure of matrimony; as if nothing else mattered, as if they had time for nothing else. That the Church should live so near to them, rub shoulders with them, pass them with a smile, and yet remain so aloof—that is what baffles them,what rouses their wistful admiration. "These occupied themselves continually with the apostles' teaching, their fellowship in the breaking of bread, and the fixed times of prayer"; for a hundred years the fathers of the Oratory have done that, and London watched, and wondered, and each day the Lord added to their fellowship others that should be saved.
>
> All these hundred years the same beneficent rou-

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tine has gone on; the bell of the porteria ringing all day, crowds thronging the altar rails, the shuttle-service of the confessionals; the night prayers with Father Faber's own hymns, the Little Oratory with St. Philip's own recipe for the sanctification of souls. . . .

Present Major Relief Problems

WAR RELIEF SERVICES of the National Catholic Welfare Conference (350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.) reports currently:

With conditions in Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg and the Philippines improving to the point where the flow of relief supplies through War Relief Services has been reduced to a minimum, new problems of aid are emerging to challenge the Church and its world-wide charity—problems that are to most Americans, generally speaking, relatively unknown. . . .

Among these great relief problems, so little known to most, and in the solution of which the Catholic Church has a tremendous stake, are:

1) *The eleven million German expellees*
2) *The refugee problem in Austria*
3) *The situation in China, Japan and Korea*
4) *The crisis in the Catholic school system in France*
5) *The resettlement of Displaced Persons*
6) *The plight of the clergy and religious who have fled from behind the Iron Curtain.*

Actually 11,000,000 people were driven from their homes and businesses without compensation of any kind or any plans for the future. Into Western Germany these expellees swarmed after the cessation of hostilities—and they continue to filter through from the East today.

This influx of men, women and children has served to increase the total population of Germany by more than 16% at a time when the German economy itself is at its lowest ebb. No international government agency aids them—the burden of their care has fallen upon the German Catholic Charities and the German Protestant charitable organizations. Catholic expellees number an estimated 5½ million.

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Despite improved economic conditions in the country generally, French Catholicism is facing a crisis because of the removal of subsidies from the Catholic schools. . . .

It is not an exaggeration to say that most of the French Catholic grammar schools are operating on a month-to-month basis—and that hundreds of them would already have shut their doors had it not been for aid from the Catholic Church in America.

Catholic International News

Catholic and Protestant Industrialists Meet in Germany

"PERSONAL responsibility for making the message of Christianity effective in economic life" was stressed at a joint conference of Catholic and Protestant industrialists held in the third week of June at Oelde in Westphalia, British Zone of Germany. The Catholic participants were members of the recently founded Catholic Employers' League. The Protestant participants were members of the Evangelical Academies, organizations for the study of Christian principles as they apply to various professions and vocations.

The Conference decided to organize a regular exchange of reports and other information concerning the endeavors of Catholic and Protestant groups to apply Christian principles in economic life and in labor-management relations. From time to time, joint meetings are to be held, which will be addressed by one Catholic and one Protestant speaker. Catholic and Protestant industrialists will also cooperate in a number of practical emergency projects. One of these is the *"Jugenddorf"* (Boys' Town) of Adelheide, in Northern Germany, which is being supported jointly by Catholic and Protestant industrialists.

The League of Catholic Employers was founded recently with the active cooperation of Cardinal Frings, Archbishop of Cologne. Its President is Herr D. Greiss, who is also President of the Cologne Chamber of Industry and Commerce. (Cologne, 7/2—CIP.)

Berlin Evangelical Pastor Denounces "Eastern Propaganda"

"ALL EFFORTS for world peace will be in vain as long as one partner aims at world revolution by force," the Reverend Dr. E. F. von Rabenau, a prominent pastor of the Evangelical Church in Berlin, declared in an article entitled "The Church and the Unity of Germany." "Eastern Europe is a world made to order to fit a certain ideology. It is isolated in principle from the rest of mankind. Under its rule, the Church is given a possibility to exist only as far as this fits tactical considerations and under conditions which are being changed all the time. For all these reasons it is obviously not in accordance with the task and the message of the Church to let itself be used in any way for Eastern propaganda."

Pastor Rabenau's statement referred to declarations which several Lutheran Bishops had made before the recent People's Congress elections in the Soviet Zone and in which they advocated in general terms "peace" and "German unity." Pastor Rabenau condemned the misuse of

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such Bishop's statement's for political purposes.

"The Church," the pastor stated, "wants the Word of God to have a place in public life. The Church cannot give its consent to political systems which are built on ideologies which narrow down, restrict or suppress free speech, including the preaching of the Word of God. The Church is obliged to oppose compulsion to read certain newspapers, to attend certain schools, to accept certain newspapers, to attend certain schools, to accept certain forms of training, or to take part in certain political campaigns, even if undertaken allegedly on behalf of the people. The Church tells the people that God decides what is right and what is wrong and that every human being is responsible before God for what he does. A disturbing confusion of minds and consciences is being created by Governments using other measuring rods than God's commandments, especially when the governments themselves commit sin or approve of sins or when they compel citizens to act against their conscience, i.e., to do wrong."

In a sermon which Pastor Rabenau preached after publishing this article, he declared: "Not the details of our economic order but the dignity of man is at stake at the present time. Only the respect of God's law can create peace. . . . Real peace cannot exist as long as there are concentration camps and People's Police and as long as the freedom of the human person is not assured." (Berlin, 6/28—CIP.)

Religion in East German Concentration Camps

A STATEMENT recently made by the Evangelical Bishop of Berlin, Rev. Dr. Dibelius, that two religious services have been held so far in the concentration camp of Bautzen, Soviet Zone of Germany, has been confirmed by the Action Committee Against Inhumanity, consisting principally of former prisoners of Communist concentration camps.

The Committee also disclosed the following details concerning the services: "Protestant religious services were held in the Bautzen concentration camp on Christmas Eve 1947 and at Easter 1949. At both times 500 out of about 5,000 prisoners picked by the Camp Commandant, were ordered to attend. Only persons who looked well-fed were selected, including especially doctors, interpreters, and prisoners assigned to "work commandos." All prisoners less than 20 years old were excluded. The sermons were delivered by a minister from Dresden. He was escorted to the pulpit by a group of young Stalinites. These stayed around the pulpit during the sermon and took him immediately to his car after the service was over."

This statement, based on the personal experiences of former prisoners at Bautzen, shows that there has been no change in the basic policy of the Soviet Military Administration and the German authorities appointed by the Russians. Ministers and priests are not allowed to enter any of the camps, and no regular pastoral care of any kind is permitted. Prisoners include members of the Social Democratic, Christian Democratic and Liberal Democratic Parties. (Berlin, 6/27—CIP.)

Books

Two Symphonies. Andre Gide. Knopf. $2.75.

GIDE'S *Isabelle* was published in France in 1911. It is the story of an aspiring novelist's exploration into the mystery of a country-house. Curiosity and a romantic passion for a woman whom he has seen only in a photograph bear him through a series of disillusionments, until he sees the woman at last as a shabby little adventuress. For a lesser novelist than Gide, it is an absorbing little narrative, excellent for suspense and motion, and safely beyond the popular things which the movies and the drug-store novels have done in this convention. For Gide, it is inferior vintage, lacking in any complexity or depth of idea, and sometimes rather gratuitous in motivation.

I see no reason, except that of typographical convenience and perhaps—perhaps—a superficial resemblance in preoccupation with illusion and reality, for including *Isabelle* in the same volume with *The Pastoral Symphony,* under the title of *Two Symphonies. Isabelle* is not a symphony by any stretch of metaphor; and, in any case, everything that *The Pastoral Symphony* might be, *Isabelle* is not. Moreover, the claim of *The Pastoral Symphony* to the musical analogy happens to be ironic.

★

La Symphonie Pastorale, originally published in 1919, is true and characteristic Gide. It is the Gide of *Strait Is the Gate, The School for Wives, The Immoralist, Lafcadio's Adventures.* That is to say: as subtle and clean and courageous of particulars as any fiction written in our time. I use the word "clean." I am told that Father Couturier has said that after all there is only one thing you can teach a young painter: to be clean. That lesson for the writer too is the first and last, and what a lesson the work of Gide can be for us!

I suppose that the story of *The Pastoral Symphony* is well-known. It is about the pastor who adopts a blind child and unknowingly falls in love with her. The story is *about* these things. The story itself, inseparable from the very texture of Gide's sentences, is a web of intentions and counter-intentions, one more demonstration that Gide is among those great writers who know the real sense in which a plot may be called an intrigue. Thus put to the ordeal of the novelist's art are the ambivalences of love and cruelty, some profound theological distinction between the Christ of the gnostic and the Christ of St. Paul, and a tragic pun on blindness itself. To read this book—as to read anything of Gide's best—is to be forever deaf to those people who excuse a cheap novelist with the vague observation that he knows how to tell a good story. There are those who go even to dollar crime-novels in order to find this ill-defined merit. Now the one ultimate point you can make about good fiction is that it is good story-telling, just as bad fiction (for example, the work of Maugham) is bad story-telling. When the story is on every page, in every sentence, and in the very breath behind these sentences, and when it sug-

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gests stories and stories beneath what is being said—that is at once great style and great story-telling. *The Pastoral Symphony* is a touchstone for that quality.

HENRY RAGO

Agriculture and Industrialization. Pei-kang Chang. Harvard University Press. $5.00.

THIS is a scholarly book treating an important subject. The author asks vital questions concerning the relationship of agriculture and industrialization, with particular emphasis on the effects on agriculture of industrialization and mechanization. However, his answers are not too clear and follow from an extremely involved discussion of economic theory rather than from economic history.

Furthermore, there is almost an element of deception about the book in that the author's introduction and particularly the publisher's jacket lead the reader to believe that he is going to learn something about the problems of agriculture and industrialization in China. Actually, only one small section of the book discusses China with the exception of passing references to that country. The book is primarily a scholarly thesis in economic theory. I know of no better volume to recommend to a candidate for the doctoral degree in economics, since the author summarizes neatly the main ideas of the leading economic theorists. The bulk of his volume is a summary of their ideas.

Yet the author himself is keenly aware of the general weakness of most economic theory divorced from economic history and even comments on the fashion in which in the last twenty years the economic theorists have progressed even further from reality than in preceding generations. In view of his own good judgment one wonders why the author spent so much time in discussing theories which at this date have little validity. Because of the emphasis on theory there is an element of unreality about the book, even in the section which discusses China, where one might expect some first-hand observation from the keen intellect the author obviously possesses. One explanation perhaps is his obvious lack of first-hand knowledge of farming. For example, he does not seem to realize that organic fertilizers are not the same as chemical fertilizers.

The author believes that industrial development is a necessary, but not a sufficient, condition for agricultural reform and improvement, meaning, of course, mechanization of agriculture and the large-scale organization of farm enterprises. Many of us would not call this agricultural improvement. He points out that industrialism is dynamic and that therefore there is really no such thing as a balance between industrialism and agriculture. Inevitably, he points out, the relative importance of agriculture in a dynamic industrial economy diminishes. He believes the industrialization of agricultural countries inevitable and in the long run beneficial to both the industrial and more primitive countries although acknowledging that in the short run the older industrialized country will be injured through the loss of markets. Readers

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of my own books will recall that I take a completely opposite point of view; the present dilemma of the United States in finding its own export markets cut into by a Great Britain, who must export in order to live, and by a reviving Germany and Japan, I think bears out my own thesis.

In regard to China, the author believes that the stimulus for industrialization must be found in sources other than agriculture which will play only a passive role. And the author is keenly aware of the institutional handicaps to agricultural reform in China, when by reform we mean the consolidation of farms into larger units.

The author is not interested in the family farm, although he mentions that this type of farm is still of some importance in the United States. His main concern, he says, is with the transformation of the farm from a subsistence to a modern type—either in a capitalistic or in a socialistic regime. Inadvertently, he thus shows what many of us have long realized, namely, that large-scale production in both industry and agriculture can well be the penultimate step to totalitarianism and the loss first of economic and finally of political freedom. No one has yet thought of a satisfying substitute for Jefferson's idea of preserving a virile democracy by fostering the widespread ownership of productive property.

WALTER J. MARX

The Western Reserve. Harlan Hatcher. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.00.

THE subtitle of this book, "The Story of New Connecticut in Ohio," may puzzle you, as it did me. The fact is the idea once embodied something equivalent almost to an empire. As Lewis Gannett recently remarked "Connecticut really got cheated"—in a big way. The charter of the original Connecticut colony granted it a strip of land about seventy-five miles wide extending from ocean to ocean!

Of course, it made an impossible situation, calling forth the observation from Benjamin Franklin that "the from 'sea to sea' colonies, having boundaries three or four thousand miles in length to one or two hundred in breadth, must in time be reduced to domains more convenient for the common purposes of government."

And so it came about. The western lands were eventually pooled and placed at the disposal of the United States for the common welfare. The colonies yielded their claims to necessity, to the need for a rational general union.

In 1786 Connecticut gave up to the Congress title to certain western lands, "reserving" however a valuable 120-mile strip of territory south of Lake Erie for herself. The territory went by many names, "New Connecticut," "The Connecticut Reserve," "The Connecticut Western Reserve, etc., but was finally designated in legal and historical records as The Western Reserve of Connecticut, and in Ohio simply as The Western Reserve.

A party of fifty men under General Moses Cleaveland reached the western border of Pennsylvania on the Fourth of July, 1796; considering the day auspicious, they began doing things in the right Connecticut way, celebrating the occasion with six rounds of grog, in honor of the President of the United States, the State of Connecticut, the Connecticut Land Company, the prosperity of the newly named Port of Independence and the fifty sons and daughters. "May these sons and daughters multiply in sixteen years sixteen times fifty!" was the fifth toast proposed by the increasingly expansive Cleaveland. His jouranl records this brief entry: "Closed with three cheers. Drank several pails of grog, supped and retired in remarkable good order."

With characteristic Yankee spirit, Cleaveland and his fifty initiated an enterprise which reveals startling fruits today. As early as 1796 we have a record of the city of Cleveland as laid out by its founder. The growth of the city was unusually slow. In 1810 it had only fifty-seven people, and about the same time we find Stanley Griswald writing to a friend in Vermont suggesting that this and the neighboring communities might do with a young physician, there being none available.

It was not until the canals, the plank roads, and the railways came that Cleveland was assailed by a boom. The Mormons built an imposing temple. Oberlin College was founded in the wilderness in the face of great difficulties. It was open to Negroes and whites alike and was, we are told, "anti-tobacco, anti-liquor, anti-classics and ardently missionary." In short, what may be called the New England spirit flourished here in abundance.

JOHN COURNOS

Journey Into Spring. Winston Clewes. Knopf. $3.00.

FRESH from the glowing plaudits of the British critics comes this lightweight, mildly entertaining novel of rural England today. It might even be called a fictional report on the returned soldier's status under Mr. Attlee's Labor Government; but actually it does not throw very much light on the changes in conditions, if any exist, between those which faced the returning soldier from World War I and those facing his nephew or son coming back from World War II.

Perhaps the major flaw in the fabric of Mr. Clewes's homespun reproduction of a present-day English village lies in the stock characters and situations. They have too familiar a ring about them, from the rotund Mr. Ames, publican of the local pub, to the crafty grocer, Mr. Gribble, dealing in black market goods.

Godfrey Fletton, Mr. Clewes's hero, is bitter, short-sighted and preoccupied with his war experience to an exaggerated degree. As the ironic heir to a crumbling Gothic pile, Fletton Hall, and the village and baronetcy that go with it, he borders often on a caricature of the melancholy returned soldier. In fact there are times when the reader feels that the irony is more often described than it is explained in the novel. We are given all the theatrical props that might go into good drama—rustic types, tenant farmers, the vicar and his ex-Wren daughter and blind son, the constable, the usual village idiots and illiterate poor; but Mr. Clewes hardly, if at all, makes use of his opportunities or material. This is

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mainly evident in the way most of his characters merely serve to fill in the backdrop, and in the scarcity of action; what little there is is confined to the last quarter of the book.

If the post-war English novel has moved at all from the point where Rebecca West's *The Return of the Soldier,* and Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero,* left it, then Mr. Clewes, despite his distinctive and economical writing, has given us very little indication of it.

RICHARD MC LAUGHLIN

Theologia Germanica. Introduction by Joseph Bernhart. Pantheon. $2.50.

BEAUTIFULLY done in the now traditional Pantheon way, this little book should find many readers for its two parts: the sober, masterful and scholarly introduction by the greatest living Catholic scholar in the field of mysticism, and the product of the fourteenth century anonymous Frankfurt priest who wrote the epitome of the great German mystical movement from Master Eckhart down through Tauler and Suso. As long as Luther's rebellion was one of his conscience, he regarded this as the greatest treasure. If the "Imitation of Christ" is the handbook of the Low German "Devotio Moderna," then this is its pendent in the mystical field. Read with the introduction, this admirable translation is required reading for all adepts and admirers of medieval piety.

It is an interesting observation which Bernhart has to make: the absence of great universities in Germany, and the preponderance of women among the followers and leaders (Hildegard and Mechtild), have given German mysticism its startling boldness and originality in terms, its depth of feeling and that Germanic last reverence for the inscrutable and dark—Eckhart, Nicholas of Cues, down to such Protestants as Karl Barth.

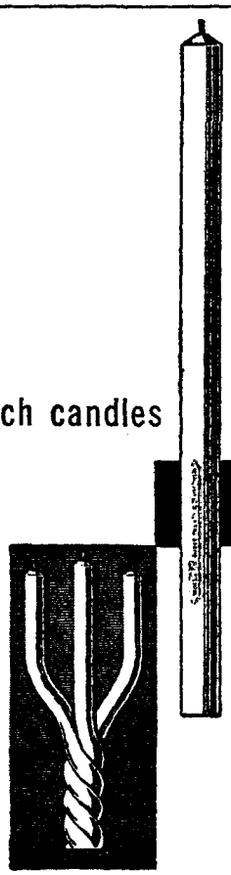
H. A. REINHOLD

The Land of Italy. Jasper More. Batsford. $6.00.

THIS is a genial compendium of information and historical recollection, equally a handbook for those who travel to Italy, and those who must regretfully postpone the tour and pilgrimage. Both text and photographs perform with simplicity the Cicerone's task, with now and then a mixture of British and American vocabulary that only bespeaks invitation to a double public.

The old Baedecker, precise, dogmatic stars are no longer here, the statistical note is gone—for figures and even boundaries change in post and pre-war eras. There is a good chapter on the wines of the country and the fish and pasta of both north and south. This is none of your "written up quickly" bits of travel merchandise, but a good book distilled out of affection and knowledge from long residence.

ERNESTINE EVANS



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Willis D. Nutting

Father of the Bride. Edward Streeter. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

HERE'S something for a good laugh and absolutely perfect for relaxing in a summer hammock, if you want a short vacation from the cares of the world and if you don't mind being reminded what fools we mortals be.

Mr. Banks, who is the father of the bride, is a very mild and likable person; he's not so much Casper Milquetoast as Mr. Everyman; and you'll see yourself again and again from the very beginning of this amusing book (when Mr. B. indignantly insists on knowing the surname of this "goon" who wants to marry his daughter) right through to the end (when Mr. and Mrs. B., after cleaning away the confetti and general mess left by the guests at the reception, settle down to the one, blessed bottle of champaign that was somehow left in the bathroom upstairs).

Although most of the incidents are connected with Kay Banks' wedding, many of them fit other situations and all of them point up the silly things we all do under stress: like the first meeting of the in-laws which is compared to the original hook-up of the Lewis and Clark expedition with the Indians, or the cocktail party at which Mr. Banks spends all his time making drinks and never does get a chance to deliver his carefully prepared speech, or Mr. Banks' despair at all the details involved with invitations, caterers, ushers and what-not. He finally throws up his hands with, "Why must Kay's wedding assume the organizational complexity of a major political campaign?"

At times the story is rather touching, particularly when our Mr. Everyman realizes that his only daughter is leaving him. But most of this book is sheer fun. Those who remember the author's World War I satire, "Dere Mable," won't be surprised to find Streeter hitting the nail so cleverly; newcomers to his humorous style will be thankful for so many hearty laughs. Sour pusses will give up at the end of Chapter I.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

The Bogomils. Dmitri Obolenski. Cambridge University Press. $6.50.

THE BOGOMIL movement has exercised a considerable influence on the history of the Balkan Slavs, especially on their folklore. Besides this, the doctrines of this Manichaean sect are an important link in the thousand-year-long chain leading from the Persian Mani's teaching in Mesopotamia in the third century to the Albigensian heresy that developed in southern France in the thirteenth.

Gibbon dismissed in a footnote of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" the Bogomils as a "sect of Gnostics, who soon vanished." But during my last trip to the Balkans, I met in Belgrade a girl then employed by the government who challenged me with her heterodox religious and ethical conceptions. When I asked her about her church affiliations, she told me that she was a Bogomil and that their traditions never vanished in her

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family. She claimed that there were still Bogomils in Bosnia and Macedonia (though they do not appear in religious censuses) and that the Nazarenes—the followers of a dualistic heresy which developed among Serbs in the Hasburg Monarchy—derive their origin from the Bogomils.

However that may be, Bogomilism was a forceful influence in the last centuries of the Middle Ages. A thorough study of this Christian heresy is a valuable contribution to Church history and the history of Southeastern Europe. The careful research of Dr. Obolensky, University Lecturer in Slavonic Studies at Cambridge, England, fails to give a complete picture of the movement, but specializes in tracing the role of Bogomilism in the Bulgarian Empire from the tenth to the fourteenth century. The story of the Bogomils in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia is only very scantily treated in one of the appendices of the book. In spite of this limitation Dr. Obolensky's study will prove most useful because of his use of rich Bulgarian source material and his clear differentiation of Bogomilism from other neo-Manichaean sects. It adds to the quality of his study that the author does not regard Bogomilism as a static doctrine but shows its manifold oscillations during the centuries treated.

MAX FISCHER.

Golden Doorway to Tibet. Nicol Smith. Bobbs. $3.75.

TIBET'S civilization is one of the most fascinating, from the religious and the artistic point of view. Nicol Smith, well-known for his *Burma Road,* describes in his new book a pony expedition through beautiful Ladakh, now the eastern province of Kashmir, but which, until a century ago, formed an integral part of Tibet. The inhabitants are still Tibetan in blood, in language, in their peculiar Buddhist liturgy, in their superstitions and their old customs.

Strangely enough, Mr. Smith does not care particularly for Tibetan folklore and boasts of his dislike of the lamas. His book reflects almost nothing of the mystical atmosphere in the Buddhist monasteries amid the giant mountain ranges of Central Asia. This glibly-written report scratches only the surface, boring us with insignificant details and lengthy yarns about trivial servant troubles. The reader would remain almost unaware of the splendors of this Himalayan region, were it not for the beautiful photographs taken by Loren Tuttle, which indeed constitute the best feature of this book.

What can prompt a man with so little affinity for the mysteries and the bizarreness of Tibetan civilization to undertake a risky and exhausing trip into these remote regions? I do not think that it was pure adventurousness. It seems that Nicol Smith was interested in a problem of aviation, namely whether the shores of Lake Tangong on the frontier of Ladakh and Tibet proper are suitable for aircraft runways. The answer is yes.

What impressed me most in reading this book is that even in the lonely valleys of Ladakh the "two-world," iron-curtain division of the globe shows up. For whenever Mr. Smith meets a person whose travel purposes are not evident, he feels haunted by Soviet spies. On the other hand he and his companion are suspected of

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being American secret service men. It is pathetic that regions which for centuries were shut off from the outside world are now drawn into the struggle for the future formation of our globe.

M. F.

Burnt Out Incense. Rev. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. Kenedy. $3.50.

IT IS GOOD to know that a historical novel doesn't have to be either a *Forever Amber* or a *Big Fisherman.* The genre, which has become nearly as much of a specialty as the western or the mystery, has its own proscribed limits. Within those limits, one finds here a historically exact, spiritually correct, readable novel.

It is the "Saga of Citeaux: American Epoch"—the story of the founding of the Trappist monastery at Gethsemani, Ky., in 1848, up to the present. Nevertheless, this novel, by the author of the best-selling *The Man Who Got Even With God,* also subscribes to the unofficial rules. It's breezy; it's popular; it is history in the easy-to-swallow formula of Hollywood or the comic strips (without, one must insist, surrendering one iota of its inspirational quality).

For those who want the story of Gethsemani—now so much in the secular news—one can't recommend a better chronicle. Unless they want the theological and philosophical background of the Cistercians. (These will find their meat in F. L. Holmes' *Voice of Trappist Silence.*) Nevertheless a good many of us will be content with the mere story of the Trappist movement in America. Its simple bare bones contain a new American Pioneer tale.

DONALD DEMAREST.

The Bolivar Countries: Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela. William Russell. Coward-McCann. $4.00.

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